

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but  
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a larmen on,  
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition.  
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out  
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I asseme  
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,  
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceit, hers;  
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers;  
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,  
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;  
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,  
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still;  
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not halfe so old as that. He write against them,  
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill  
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:  
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Quene, Clotten, and Lords at  
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,  
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?  
Luc. When Iulus Caesar (whose remembrance yet  
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues  
Be theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,  
And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle  
(Famous in Caesars prayles, no whit lesse  
Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,  
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,  
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately  
Is left vntender'd.

Qu. And to kill the meruaile,  
Shall be so euer.

Clot. There be many Caesars,  
Ere such another Iulus: Britaine's a world  
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our owne Noses.

Qu. That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from's, to resume  
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,  
The Kings your Ancestors, together with  
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands  
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in  
With Oakes vnscaleable, and roaring Waters,  
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,  
But sucke them vp to th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest  
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge.  
Of Came, and Saw, andouer-came: with shame,  
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried  
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping  
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas  
Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd  
As easily gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,  
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point  
(Oh gilet Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,  
Made Lids-Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our  
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I  
said) there is no moe such Caesars, other of them may haue  
crook'd Noses, but to awe such straite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard  
as Cassibulan, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand.  
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar  
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon  
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,  
no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,  
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort  
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caesars Ambition,  
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' th' World, against all colour heere,  
Did put the yoke vpon's; which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,  
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of Caesar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repaire, and franchise,  
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed.  
Tho Rome be therfore angry, Mulmutius made our lawes  
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put  
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd  
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar  
(Caesar, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then  
Thy selfe Domestike Officers) thine Enemy:  
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion  
In Caesars name pronounce I gainst thee: Looke  
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus decide,  
I thank thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,  
Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,  
Which he, to fecke of me againe, perforce,  
Behooues me keepe at vttiance. I am perfect,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President  
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:  
So Caesar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-  
rt with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-  
terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-  
water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you  
fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for  
you: and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:  
All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:  
Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is

Is false into thy eare? What false Italian,  
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.  
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes  
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults  
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,  
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were  
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,  
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I  
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?  
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer  
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,  
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,  
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't! The Letter.  
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,  
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,  
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,  
Art thou a Fedarie for this Act; and look'st  
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?

Oh, I learn'd indeed were that Astronomer  
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters.  
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,  
Let what is heere contain'd, tell of Loue,  
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not  
That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;  
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,  
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,  
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be  
You Bees that make these Lockes of countaile. Louers,  
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,  
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison; yet  
You claspe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

If I see, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his  
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the de-  
rest of Creatures) would, euen renew me with your eyes. Take  
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your  
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wilbes you  
all happinesse, that remains loyal to his Vow, and your encrea-  
sing in Loue.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me  
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires  
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,  
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st  
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st  
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:  
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke  
(Loues Counsaillor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To th'smothering of the Sense) how farre it is  
To this same blessed Milford, And by th' way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I  
T'inherite such a Hauen. But first of all,  
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap  
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,  
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence,  
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?  
Weele talke of that hereafter. Prythee speake,  
How many store of Miles may we well rid

Twixt houre, and houre?

Pis. One score twixt Sun, and Sun,  
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,  
Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,  
Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands  
That run i'th Clocks, behalfe. But this is Fooltrie,  
Go, bid my Woman faine a Sicknesse, say  
She's home to her Father; and prouide me presently  
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit  
A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;  
Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them  
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,  
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:  
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

## Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,  
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate  
Instructs you how to adore the Heauens; and bowes you  
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches  
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through  
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without  
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,  
We house i'th Rocke, yet v'se thee not so hardly  
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Arvir. Haile Heauen.

Bel. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill  
Your legges are yong: He tread these Flats. Consider,  
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,  
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,  
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,  
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.  
This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,  
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,  
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:  
And often to our comfort, shall we finde  
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold  
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,  
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:  
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:  
Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:  
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,  
Yet keepe his Booke vnros'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore vnstedg'd  
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not  
What Ayre's from home. Haply this life is best,  
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you  
That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding  
With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is  
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,  
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.

Arvir. What should we speake of  
When we are old as you? When we shall heare  
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How  
In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse

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